

Algiers Mission Band.



Journal. Summer Number . . . 1916

ALGIERS MISSION BAND.  
Stations in 1916.

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Date of opening.	Algiers.		Country.
1888.	Headquarters.	1901.	Blida.
1903.	Dar Naama.	1909.	Relizane.
1909.	Beit Naama.	1909.	Miliana.
1911	Dar el Fedjr.	1912.	Mascara.
	1913.	Touzer.	

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Sec. for Prayer-helpers, Mr J. H. Smeeton, 2,Rue du Croissant,Algier

Council of Reference. London.

Mr & Mrs Stuart Trotter. Broomfield Lodge, Chelmsford.  
Sir H. & Lady Proctor. 16, Queens Gardens,  
Lancaster Gate.  
Rev. S. W. & Mrs Howe. St. Lukes Vicarage, C.E. Finchley.

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Algerian Women's Mission Band. America.

Mrs T. A. Walker, S.S.Asso, 312 17th Street, Denver, Colorado,U.S.A

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ALGIERS MISSION BAND.

Members on the Field - 2nd Quarter of 1916.

Date of arrival.

1888	I. Lilius Trotter.	1909	Alice McIlroy.
"	B. G. L. Haworth.	1911	Clare Mennell.
1890	F. Helen Freeman.	"	Ida Nash.
1906	Sascha Perkin.	"	Mary Freeman.
"	Alexandrine Gayral.	1912	J. H. Smeeton.
1907	Mabel Grautoff.	"	Nellie Smeeton.
"	May Ridley.	"	Laura Carr.
1909	F. K. Currie.	"	S. Soler.
"	Millicent Roche.	"	Grace Russell
"	Alma Krebs.	1914	Mme. Arnaud.)pro tom
"	Mary Watling.	"	A. M. Farmer.

Short Service Hostel.

Alma Krebs (1909) in charge. Ethel Greenway. Ida Lepper.  
Frances Brittle.

Miliana, April 2nd 1916.

The spring round of the stations is ending with a few days here. It is a joy to feel the great freeing of the atmosphere in the class for elder girls - a response that any day might break out into a visible work of God's grace: and the years of toil and prayer that have been spent over the senior one, Zehour, have blossomed already, for one cannot doubt that she belongs to Christ and not to Islam, and her work as monitress among the others is becoming really useful, specially as, (perhaps from a strain of negro blood,) she has the rare gift of an ear for music, and is able to raise the tunes when other people's voices are tired. The fear is that her time of service will be but short, for she is on the verge of consumption, is not already over the brink.

Algiers, April 5th 1916.

Another soul has gone from earth's twilight into the daybreak of eternity while I have been away. She has not often come into this Journal, for her inner life has not been as stormy as many of the others. There are some who will remember her, notwithstanding, Fifi, the mother of little Zahia, so long one of our house-children. Fifi was the special charge of May Ridley, and since her post has changed to Relizane, Ida Nash has cared for her. Her Spanish blood on

her mother's side gave her all along a something that is wanting in the average native woman, and there have been flashes of real courage in the way she rose to having a weekly meeting in her room, and quietly went her own way in aloofness from fast and feast, despite the counter influences of a harsh south country husband. The end came so suddenly, with only two or three days illness, that there was hardly a chance for last words - but we know that all was well.

Yet another, Mohammed the silk weaver, with a wholly different story, has we hope, gone into the sheltering Hands of the Great High Priest, who has passed into the heavens, where the smoking flax may yet be fanned into a flame. He clearly found Christ in our first years out here, and after his baptism went through a hard time. As the time went on he slipped back into his former slavery to drink, which told on his already weak brain. Many and touching were his fits of repentance, and he would sit and read his gospel for hours together, but we could not recognize him as one of the tiny band of those who were trying to walk in the light. We found no trace of him on our return after the war broke out, and thought he might have enlisted; now we hear he died while we were away. As Sascha Perkin says, "His soul was asleep, and only his body awake - he has come to his own now."

April 8th 1916.

Algiers conditions are difficult again. Omar has been in a money tangle, which always upsets his soul, and Boualem has been keeping away - all are, one feels, more or less "choked with cares" over the problems of making both ends meet in this wartime. They are really very good in not flinging themselves on us for help - but they need prayer that they should rise on the waves instead of being smothered by them.

I think it is probably something more beyond the outward difficulties of the present stress that makes the way hard; and that the awful oppression that we ourselves have to fight off, is the echo of the clash of the spiritual combat that underlies the visible upheaval.

I have heard that in the early days of August 1914, a British aviator flew over the enemy's lines. He came back almost collapsed. They thought it was the strain of the new perils surrounding his aircraft, but it was not that - it was the sight of the power against which, all unreckoned, we were measuring ourselves. It may be we should be stunned too, if we saw the spiritual forces against which we are up, and should marvel at the peace and light that break through them to us.

April 12th 1916.

A reaction has come over the spirit of the blind lad,

Aissa, since his decision that he would cast in his lot with Christ, a fit of irretrievable gloom that is prone to settle down on these boys who through infirmity are unequal to the battle of life: we have noticed it before with Mustapha. "Satan and I are sitting alone together" is Aissa's graphic description of the state of the case! He needs long patience with his varying moods, and he gets it, in unwearying measure from Mr. Smeeton and Sascha Perkin.

April 24th 1916.

Holy Week and Easter have just come and gone. We had a cheer in the sight of the band of natives that came to the Service on Good Friday afternoon - nearly 30 and those mostly fullgrown, at any rate of an understanding age. The house children at Rue du Croissant have been keen in their enthusiasm over Easter. "Has Jesus begun to get alive yet?" asked little El. Anes late on Easter Eve! and they were full of the thought of singing Easter hymns as soon as they should wake. They came round to our bedroom doors at an early hour for this, dressed in their feast-clothes, and with hands all henna-stained. Dear little terra cotta hands, I think they were looked at lovingly from heaven, and "accepted according to what they have!" of light. Moussa was arrayed to his intense joy in his first pair of 'seroual' (baggy trousers of

unbleached calico) to which he had contributed 3 halfpence himself.

May 6<sup>th</sup> 1916.

This seems a year of garnering rather than of sowing or reaping. Hanifa, Hamdan's wife, has just battled through the last waves of this troublesome world, a troublesome world indeed to her, with her failing health and his ungovernable temper. She leaves behind a fourth son, a tiny being with that strangely peaceful look that often marks babies who have not come to stay. Hamdan has carried him off to his sister's, with his next brother, our dear little Rashid, who is sore smitten over his mother's going. It will be well if she has them both to bring up in Paradise; we cannot doubt that she is with Christ there.

It was good to hear incidentally from Laura Carr, whose windows in the slumpost are opposite theirs, that Boualem sat out in the street while the talebs were reading their last office, only going in for a few minutes for the final goodbye, and not following the procession up the street. It was evidently his silent protest against the Moslem burial rites, for this sister was dear to him.

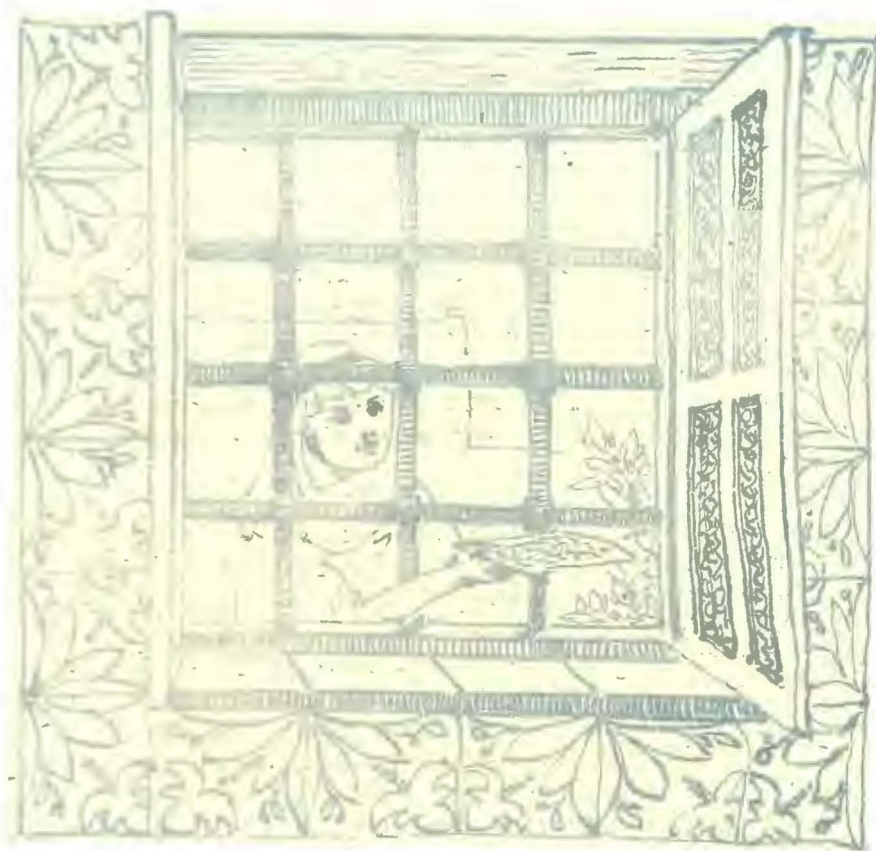
We hear rumours that Si Mokhtar, the father of Chrira of Mostaganem, has, unknown to her, betrothed her to an Arab, who is a connection of the family. - The whole was hurried



through while he was on leave from the front. She seems to have been passive this time. It is an anxious crisis for her. However H. Freeman feels that it had to come, being a land where we might look far and wide for a Christian husband in any position in which her father would consent to place her. There are signs of grace working in the heart of her sister Miriam. "I want to go on - right on to the water" (meaning baptism), she said the other day. We think this speaks well for Chrira's reality, for hers has been no easy path since she took that step. We long for the days when Mostaganem can be opened and they can be shepherded.

May 8th 1916.

A weird Kabyle girl stands out among today's links with the unseon. It came about through a quest for a good Arabic scribe, for text cards have been asked for from Egypt, and though we can work out the decorative part, no one but a native can give the subtle lines and curves of the writing as they should be. So Alma Krebs and I went to hunt up a scribe of good repute in a cemetery above the town. This child found us waiting for him under a fig tree, and began talking with ghastly sangfroid of all the graveyard happenings. Did she belong there? we asked. "No," she answered, "I live in the town, but I come here every day, a sort of voice calls me, and tells



no that if I do not come it will be thus" , and she drew her hand significantly across her throat. Poor little soul, it was rather like the story of the haunted man of old, who had his dwelling among the tombs. She sat crunched in front of us among the groups of tall white iris that were growing in the shade, and Alma showed her the snowy blossoms, and told her how they came out of the dark earth, and that the dead bodies that filled her poor little mind with gruesome horrors could be changed by God into beautiful pure robed saints in heaven by the Jesus who had come to earth to make all things new. The great intelligent eyes seemed to drink it all in like draughts of life, and when we showed her the way back to Dar el Fedjr, and told her she might come again, she kissed Alma's hands with delight.

May 10th.

One of our joys this spring is Sascha's little Moussa, Miriam's six year old brother. He is supposed to live with his mother and three year old sister; this house however exceeds theirs in attraction, and he spends most of his days and many of his nights here. He is quite bewitching, his talent for drawing makes us great friends. He is not admitted to my sanctum on the roof, but "O mother Lili" sounds often from the outside, and a brown hand is thrust through the crossbars of the window with a painted production, or to get a new design from me or Francois Brittle, and the hand that gives the new one is grasped and kissed, "Help

me to paint well today, I didn't paint well yesterday," comes often in his prayers. These prayers began suddenly two or three weeks ago; till then he had only listened to his sister's. Miriam was praying that they might have a baby brother who should not be advised by Satan. That seemed to strike a chord in his small heart, and he broke out. "O God, yes, send us a brother who shall not be advised by Satan, I am advised by Satan very often, I am very wicked; send us one who shall be good."

Sascha Perkin questioned him after and found that the main prickings of his heart were anent the careless sweeping of the crypt, and he gave a very earnest assent to the thought of being 'Christ's boy'. The next morning the crypt and all its contents were head over heels in the attempt to be thorough.

Alma Krebs has had a happy 'find' in these last days. She was taken from the home in the suburbs where she was visiting, to a new one near by, a lovely little home, with refined sweet mannered women and girls. The master came in, a negro in complexion but not in feature. In course of talk he proved to have travelled, and to have had in long past days an English master in Egypt. "Who was he?" To Alma's surprise and joy came the answer, "His name was Gordon Pasha." Surely it must be a fresh welding of the links, by which God had begun to draw him, and he took books eagerly and pressed her to come again, "You have done well to bring me these."

We have been working hard at getting out tracts for women and

girls, one for each only, and that with dint of unbouded patience on the part of our one Short Servicer for odd jobs, Frances Brittle; for the very limited reading powers here made us confine ourselves to an edition on the 'Plex' and we were much like the hero of Esop's Fables in trying to accommodate ourselves to the various requests of our different stations for the same story in Arabic in its own character, the same transliterated, or in French.

Mattie Watling writes--

I showed the French "Nessamine" tracts to some wee scholars yesterday they salute you and all concerned very gratefully for getting them ready. "May it be multiplied to you all" they say. It was pretty to see their little faces, reading can be more interesting than they thought.

Another 'Short Servicer' of a war time order, Miss Lepper, attached to the British Syrian Mission, has been giving valuable help in coaching three of our junior members in the rudiments of literary Arabic, and has a tiny class of Sascha's house children for the '3 Es' in their Arabic garb.

The outer circle of S.P's family spend most of the day here, grouping themselves on the roof and pursuing their wool spinning etc. as though quite at home: the baby brother who was not to be advised by Satan has arrived to add to the number. His grandmother after the fashion of the mountains, has painted his face with oil and charcoal; fortunately Moussa only likens him to Belaid, the chief Elder of the



Text cards for  
Egypt

Specimen of Question Series

Where is the tray where light  
directly? (A. 20. 12)

God, who commanded the light  
to shine out of darkness, hath  
shined in our hearts, to give  
the light of the knowledge of  
the glory of God, in the face  
of Jesus Christ. 2 Cor. 4:6

Church and therefore very respectable.

May 15th.

More and more text cards are evolving for Egypt- in groups of verses and consecutive passages, reminding us of our early days of distributing such in the street here, only reproduced then after the roughest of fashions in our ignorance.

"Sweet holy change turns our old things to new".

June 1st.

Ascension Day. 8 or 10 at each side of the screen at this morning's meeting- Sascha's troupe in their gayest, with spotless haiks. Moussa arrayed by blind Aissa in a brotherly fashion walked in, hand in hand, together. Mr. Smeeton in and out to bring in his other blind folk, settling them on their cushions, and finding them their places in their Braille hymn books. Such a day of small things it would seem to English eyes- but those who have lived nearly half a life time in Moslem lands learn to see a beauty in small things. We are more used at present to microscopes than telescopes.

Three of Shushan's inmates have had to leave early for one cause or another: May Ridley has come to give a helping hand in their place till the summer break up, and is trying the new experiment of a daily kindergarten for Cradler Rollers and others. We are watching to see whether this will prove a permanent matter in place of the girgaf and knitting classes, for as in Blida and Miliana, we find that the girls who are allowed out are crowding to the newly opened Government

schools, in which these things are taught along with the elements of French education, so far as can be compressed into the short years before they are veiled and shut up. Our numbers dwindle instead of grow, and as a large school for girls is next door, it is unwise to try to run counter. So we look to see the heavenly solution as to the next way of reaching them for Christ.

Blida, June 7th.

Blida has a happy solution in their Sunday and Thursday classes, only just this week the children are swept off to the one task of carrying pitchers, for a huge storm (13 inches rainfall in 24 hours!) has destroyed the town water works, and houses and lives also up among the hills, where great landslips have taken place. Those who remember the story of our well, will like its last story. For two or three years it has been disused as a town pipe has been brought near, it was with misgiving that we tried it yesterday, for it might well have run dry or grown muddy; to our joy it came up pure and sweet and plentiful as of old. Such a picture of the Lord who is ever to us the Fountain of living waters, even when we forget Him for the man wrought supply.

Algiers, June 12th.

Rahma has gone to sleep in Jesus. Belaid came this morning to tell us so. Mr. Smeeton was there yesterday afternoon, and she said more than once "I am going to Jesus today" but they took no notice, thinking she was wandering a bit. But true it was, she passed away in



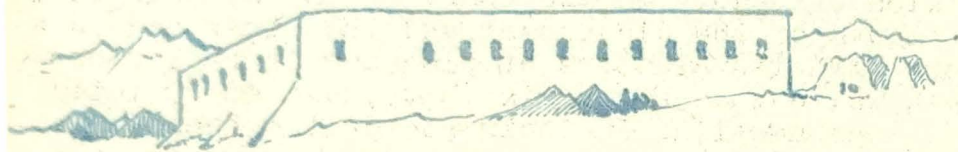
her sheep without giving a sign; another of the number that we believe have passed into the shelter of the desired Haven, during the winter. One shrinks from counting up the spoils that Christ wins from the enemy while his counter assaults are lurking all around, but when they get to the other side we can give the shout of victory fearlessly:

Two children of the Beit Naama classes have also, we believe, landed safely Home this spring. One was a child-bride named Houria. Poor little soul, on the day of her marriage she discovered that she was a second wife, with all that that means of household misery. She soon grew hopelessly ill, and was taken away to a marabout that she might die in a holy place. She went off pathetically clapping her doll through the dark valley, the light of the love of Jesus shone on her. The same light, after a slow dawn, broke into radiance at the last, over the deathbed of a consumptive boy for whom Alice McIlroy had also watched and prayed for long. So this year has been a year of garnering rather than of sowing or reaping.

June 15th.

Down at Bou Hanifia for a fortnight's rest and writing- so ideal. Visits before have been too short for letting oneself go to its atmosphere.

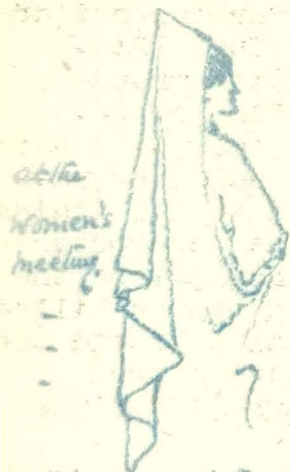
The harvest is just in, and thank God a good one. Prayer prevailed in keeping off the danger of drought and locusts: these latter stayed only two or three hours one afternoon, and were swept away by a strong wind, as in the days of old.



The new Farm buildings seen from the river bank (rather like a fort!)



one of the first dark green baby mandarin oranges (natural size)

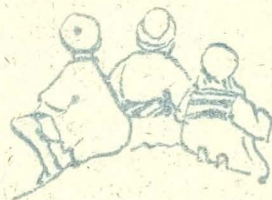


at the women's meeting

A Blouse Queen!



A new comer at the Meeting - not quite sure if she ought to listen or catch the infidel breath!



Scraps of

Bou Hanefia

The land is a vision of beauty in the ochre of the stubble fields and the south country mauve of the distances; and the river bed is a very Garden of the Lord with its clusters of oleander in full flower, from the faintest blush white to deep carmine buds, and every intervening shade of rose colour nestling in their sword-like leaves.

Better in the eternal light, than the earthly harvest time, is that the first grains from the heavenly storehouse are being steadily dropped now into the furrows. Then Mme. Roque (wife of F.H.F.'s overseer, now at Salonica) comes for the fortnightly payday, she brings with her Mme. Pelicer from Mascara, and they have a bona-fide evangelistic meeting for all the farm hands, followed by one for the women-kind; and Mlle. Gayral is just beginning a daily class for the children.

June 19th.

Sascha Perkin writes of a sudden decision of Miriam's grandmother to return to the mountains, and take her back with Moussa. Miriam was dismayed. Sascha sends the resumé of a long talk with her. Her choice was clear between Christ and Islam, and she says her parents would let her follow on, but that her tribe would be all against her. "They would say you cannot stay amongst us, and the marabouts would scream against me, any one would not follow the council of the Djemaa may be killed." "For what sort of things would a man be killed?" asked Sascha. "For not fasting in Ramadan" said the child. "Would they prevent you from coming here again if they found you were a true Christian?" "They would not let me come back. My brother El Omri used

to beat me if he heard me sing a hymn, but I didn't mind, I hid behind my father. My mother does not want me to fast, she says I am not old enough but other people would force me- I wish I could always be here in Ramadan."

"It is desperately hard to send this little lamb among wolves," Sascha goes on "I wonder if God won't give her to us, like Miss Carmichael's 'Star'... This Ramadan is like a scorching, withering sirocco; I have never felt anything quite like it. There is a feeling that no one can stand against it... I had a long talk with the blind boy. He is very nervous and upset, the men of Abdelkader's café got hold of him one day, and would not let him go, and the young men, our next door neighbours go for him, and he is watched to see what he will do next month. I wish we could get him away somewhere- the boy has it on his conscience and it would be a backward step if he fasted. He feels utterly alone, for he has a conviction that none of the Christians are faithful in their own circle."

Algiers. July 2nd.

The Ramadan cannon sounded its challenge yesterday, and more than ever this year, the mental atmosphere around seems charged with electricity. We have settled to have a daily prayer meeting at 8.50 a.m. inviting any of the natives whose faces are towards the light to join us when they can. I felt the ground needed clearing first with Belaid, for one of Aissa's troubles has been a rumour that he still goes to the negro feasts- wada' they call them. I am glad we had it out.

The feasts are held in 6 houses- 2 of them belonging to his tribe- he does go- trying to protest against excesses. "I try- if there were 2 or 3 of us they might listen- I am only one, and I go out before the final orgy begins." "But why do you go at all," I asked, "since you know that you do not belong to them?" "I cannot break free from them" he answered "unless I break free altogether and give up the shop. I sell hardly anything except to the negroes, and in fact I do not sell to them. I barter what I want against what they want, if I deserted their feasts altogether they would desert me." We talked the matter out. I believe that God's call has been on his soul for long to "leave all and follow," and that He will shew the way when His full time has come.

July 3rd.

There have been long hours of fight over Blind Aissa, who has been very unsaintly- indeed very cantankerous, though between whiles there has been a softening and steadying. It is as though the forces of hell had landed on him in his weakness and were turning on him every counter-influence. It is strange how the moslem neighbours set on even a poor helpless waif like him if they think he may be lost to them- he is taunted on the one side, and coaxed on the other- the Muffiti's boys next door are offering now to get him taken in at the Sidi Abderrahman mosque, where he would be fed and clothed and taught.

Two or three times he has seemed on the point of going off- in between he sits moodily. The best solution as a refuge seems to be Dar



Naama, where B.G.L.H. offers to take him in. He would be out of contact there with the Moslem atmosphere.

July 5th.

Victory has come for him, thank God. He has gone off peacefully to Mme. Cook-Jalabert's for two nights, to be transferred thence to Dar Naama when we close up for the summer down here at the end of the week.

This "snap" gives him and Abelkader side by side- no longer side by side in the inner sense, for the former cleaves hard at present to the old path- "God divided the light from the darkness" is the second stage of His new creation.

Dar Naama July 25th.

Our daily prayermeetings continue at Dar el Fedjr, with an occasional reinforcement by Belaid, Si el Yazid, Beit Naama Fatima or "Little Fatima". Alas no Boualem senior.

Boualem junior has broken free this year- not in a particular saintly fashion, for, as usual there is a defiant attitude towards his father. However it is the boy's yearly protest against Islam, and as such to be received with thanksgiving, and his mother is glad over it; he has gone off to take refuge with Chrira (his mother's sister) in the country, which is well, for it is specially difficult just now for any to break the fast openly in the town.

Any victory just now seems scored by these boys and girls in their teens. Aissa has settled down wonderfully up here, and our house-child Aisha has elected to come up and break the fast rather than go home

and keep it. She is struggling now with home-sickness, and only dimly comforted by the thought that Jesus stayed from His Home 33 years for her. She has been joined by little Yamina of Beit Maama, another of these young girls in whose hearts grace is working. Her mother was anxious to get her away from her step-father who was inclined to insist on her fasting. The home-call has been strong on her too. "My heart rocked like a boat at first" she said the other day- when I thought of my mother with one of my little brothers on each arm; my heart ran out to her, but I hear now that all is well there, and my heart has come back to me." Who knows that these very "weak things .. chosen" this year may be one of God's new beginnings.

This month has seen another soul moored in the haven- ( the 8th we have known this year,) the girl Zehour of Miliana. The lung trouble developed rapidly and consciousness lasted to the end. "Oh Jesus keep me" she breathed as the shadows closed in on her, and at last there came the usual sign of upward pointing finger, but with the name of "Jesus" on her lips. The native authorities have allowed Mabel to put on her grave the illuminated text "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven whose sin is covered."

Sept. 14th.

Last-time and feast-time were fought through by the juvenile "confessors" and then they went to their homes, and Aissa to Mr. Smeeton's charge at Sidi Ferruch, and B.G.L.H. and I have come away till the end of the month to a primitive fishing village near Ain Taya.



All is so beautiful in its autumn dress- thistles of every shade of old gold and settings of oxidised silver, mallein heads with the same silver stems and twigs, crowned by a disc of coffee-brown seeds. At every step the mantises fly out of the dead grass, and as they fly you see the splashes of vivid green that come in autumn under their dust-coloured wings, ready for blending with the fresh blades that will spring with the first rains.- Dear little prophets of hope- for the thunder clouds are only massing still, crossed with white horizontal bars: they have not broken yet.

Our Blida outposts are at the Blida end of the Algiers bay, living the "simple life" in a cabanon on the beach, with sundry visits from their house children. "It was so amusing to see and hear Khadouja" Millicent Roche writes- "she has never seen the sea before: her remark "was that sea is the largest I have ever seen- it never goes to sleep- "she called the waves trains, the rush and the white foam reminding her of smoke. Little Zourha is so plucky in bathing. She took K's hand and stumped out to her neck in perfect confidence. She is a brave little creature. I hope it will stand her in good stead some day."

Sascha Perkin's holiday weeks are being spent at Bou Hanefia. She writes "Last Sunday we went, children and all, to Ouled Kaddour and were largely fed, the piece de resistance being a kid roasted on a stake. The children ate everything with the greatest enthusiasm. I said I should borrow some of them next time I go itinerating. Companions that would eat heartily and with unfeigned enjoyment would be a

"great asset.

"I thought we should never get a chance of talk, but we got it at last and a very good hearing. We sat on from 10 till 3. Tomorrow we are planning to go to a large house that Mm. Roque discovered- the 'steika (its owner) was at the meeting-, a fine man- he thankfully took a gospel, for there are readers in his house. Mme. Roque says there are such charming well-dressed women there, and girls of about 18 not yet married. On Wednesday we went for a walk over Miss Freeman's mountains, about a little bit of land that the Arabs are all tumbling over each other to rent. We had an intelligent group of women in a tent: one said she had only once seen a European man, and that was just over Miss Freeman's boundary."

So fares our little world in these quiet weeks, and away and beyond such mighty happenings! Among them the Neo Turanian movement seems fraught with import. Surely the Breaker has gone out before us. That a party in Turkey (the land where half a generation ago no convert could stay but at the risk of his life) should declare Islam contrary to the genius of the nation and to its well-being, bears a touch of the miraculous, even though there is no sign of the Divine action in it beyond the "shaking" which has been one of God's mighty works from of old.

And while we wait on and on for the spiritual shaking to come, the trend of the war tells many a thing concerning the meaning of fighting the good fight of faith. On looking back over the two years

that have closed, two crucial conflicts stand out: the victory of the Marne in the first year, wrested out of the grasp of defeat- the endurance of Verdun in the last year, doggedly holding out against the foe that crept nearer and nearer, hemming all in by an iron circlet ever contracting around: there is a glory in these things beyond the glory of brilliant assault.

The one thing that matters for<sup>us</sup> is that it should be, in the light of eternity "the good fight"- whatever its outcome down here. A paragraph in one of the papers some time ago gave unknowingly a lovely crystallizing of the heavenly ideal. It told of a sword a metre long of finest workmanship given by France to the king of the Belgians. On the blade was engraved a quotation from Richerpin. "Straight, stainless and unafraid, I have for soul thy soul O king". And our hearts echo, as we go back at the end of this month to the fight, "So make us, Lord to Thee."

P. T. O.

Mrs Brading, Outram Lodge, Outram Rd, Addiscombe, Croydon.

Mrs Gatchell, Highcroft, Stanhope Rd, Croydon.

Mrs Kathleen H. Taylor, Tregarra, Melville Avenue, Croydon

Mrs Bird, Bunderan Rd, Aigburth, Liverpool.

Mrs Mortimer, 30 Craven Rd, Newbury.

Back to Mrs Brading